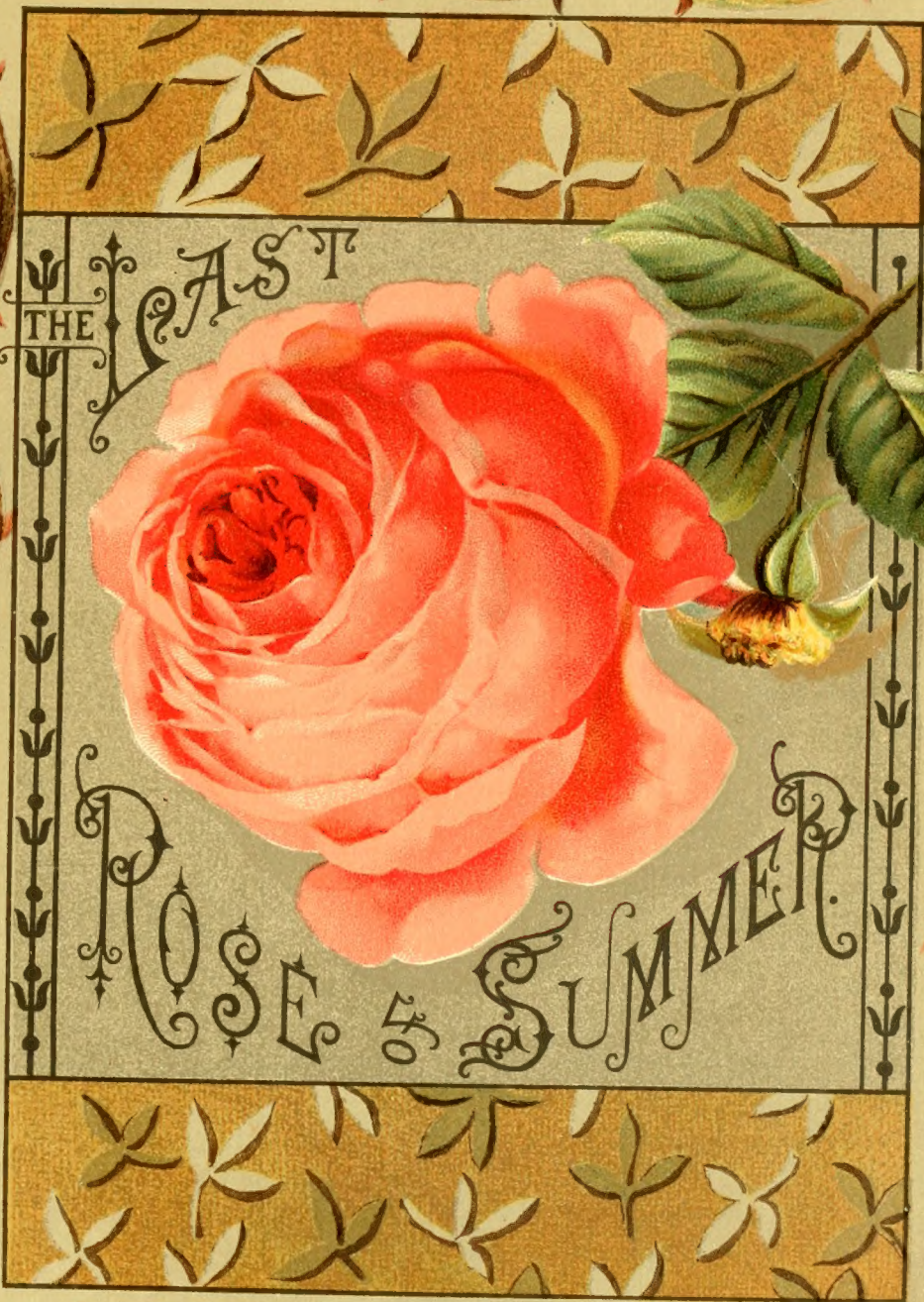


PR 5054

.L2

1884



THE LAST

ROSE OF SUMMER

OCT 8 1884

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

100

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

BY

THOMAS MOORE

Illustrated in Colors

BY

A. J. HEALY



BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT

PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT, 1884,

BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them !
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So, soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?





'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;





No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud, is nigh
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh



AJH.



I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them !







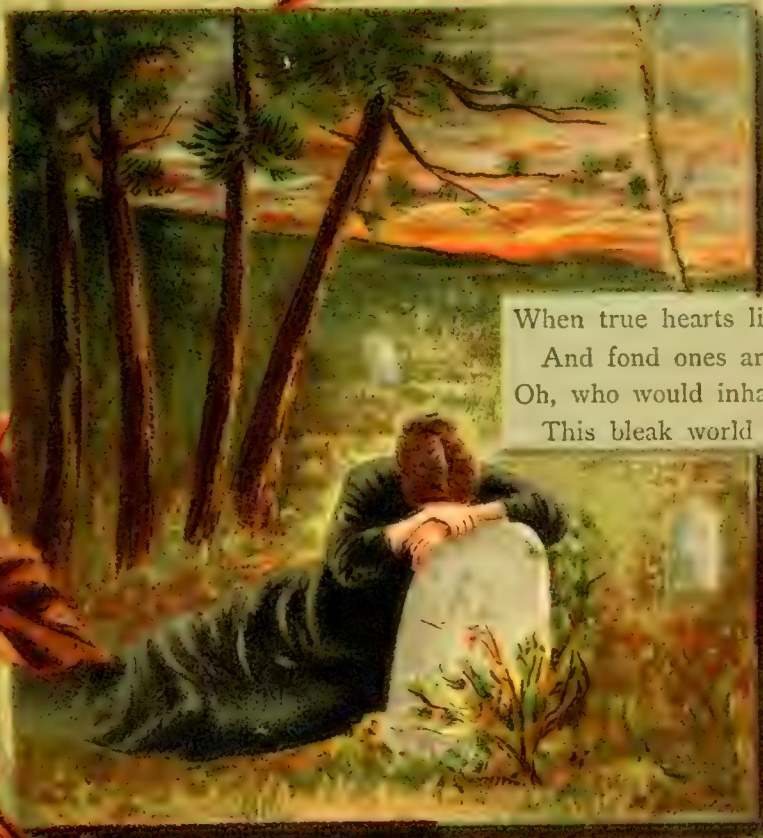
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead



So, soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!

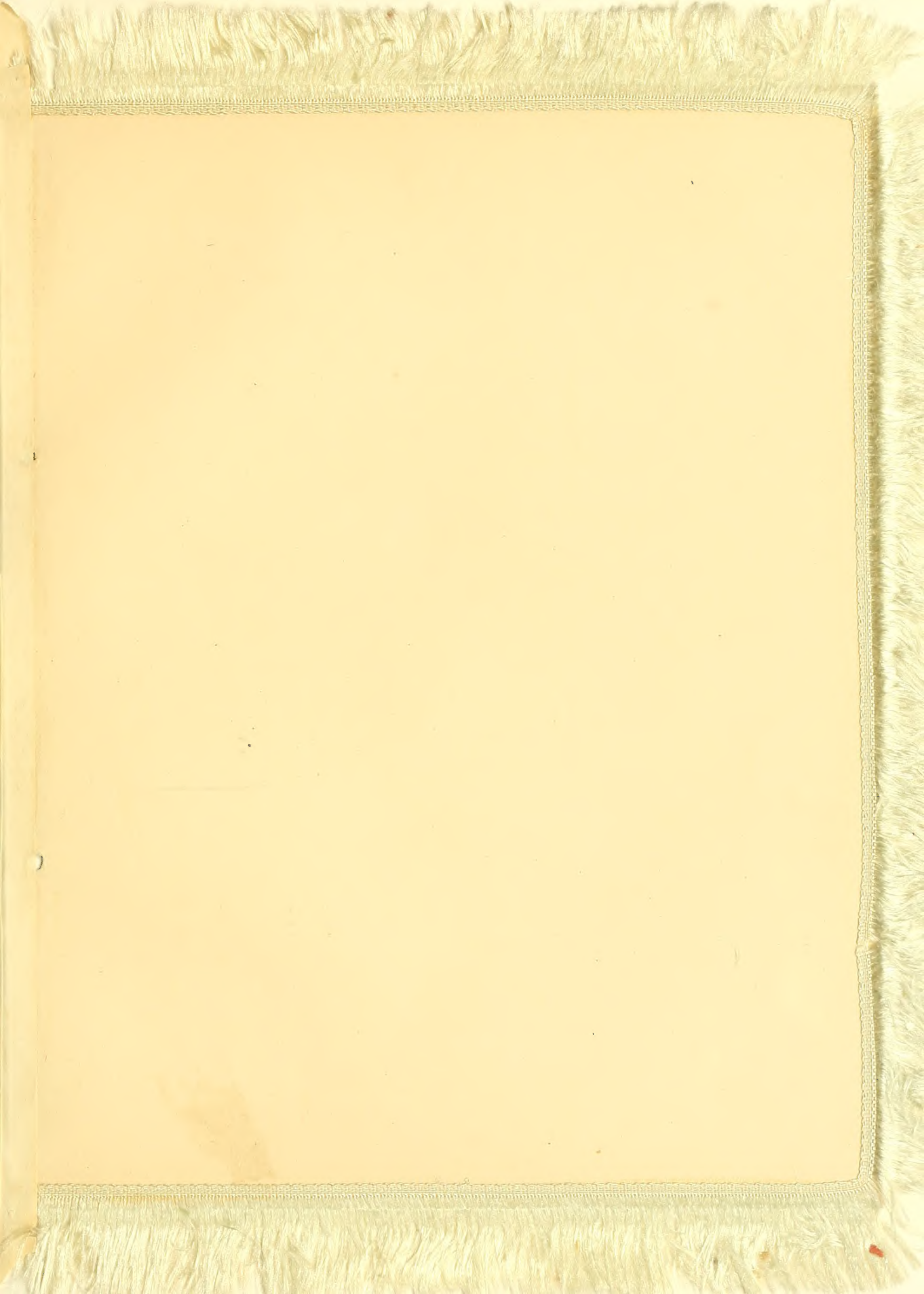






When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

HK224-78





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 526 806 0

